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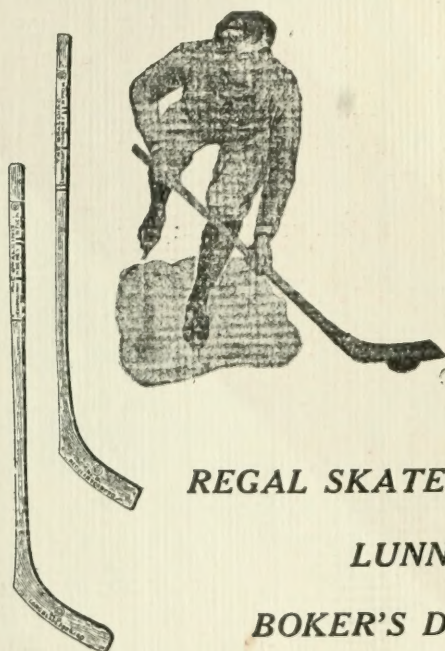
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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CHRISTMAS, 1908.

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Editors:—DAVIDSON I.

MUNRO I.

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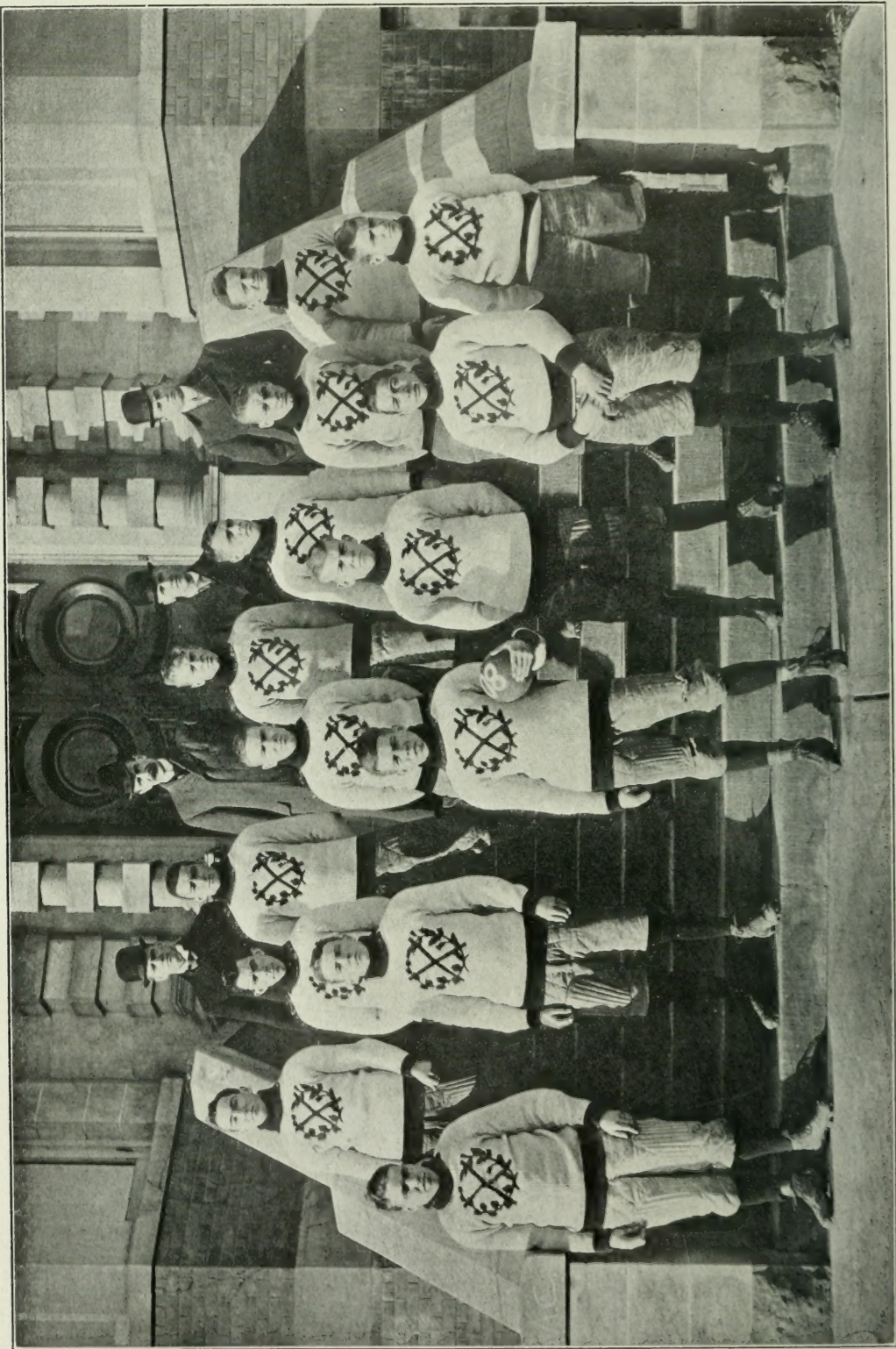
Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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FIRST TEAM



# St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: DAVIDSON I., MUNRO I., BOLLARD, FOSTER.

BUSINESS MANAGER: CROWE I. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: PAISLEY, BEATY I.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: BURK.

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## CHRISTMAS, 1908

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Christmas—again, Christmas with its deepness of GREETING. meaning, its clinging traditions, its wealth of legend and folklore! Christmas, with its well-wishing, its good cheer, its soft and radiating glow of sincerest fellowship! Christmas, with its backward glances over other days as sweetly full of tender associations, hallowed and made forever sacred by the hand of sorrow, the eternal sense of loss. Christmas—to all those for whom it has come around again with its message of gladness and of joy, its whispering memory of loved ones who have passed from out our ken, of friends near and far away, its unspoken messages of hope and love—to one and all the REVIEW extends its greeting and the wish that the season may be a blessed and a happy one in the truest sense.

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Visitors. The College has been singularly fortunate during the past term in having had as visitors three or four men of note.

First and foremost was the coming of Viscount, Lord Milner, that illustrious Britisher whose name and fame will outlive many generations. Quietly, unostentatiously, entirely without the “boast of heraldry and pomp of power,” Lord Milner came to us and left to us the remembrance of a personality as rare as it was charming, as strong as it was unassuming and rich in truest dignity. The cadets turned out in full force, their bright uniforms, all spick-and-span, imparting a military touch to the event that was most pleasing. A few guests, informally invited by the Principal and Mrs. Macdonald, were present to meet his Lordship and witness the raising of the handsome flag recently presented by a warm friend of the college. This graceful and im-

pressive ceremony was performed by the distinguished guest, after which the National Anthem was lustily sung by the assembled school. Mrs. Macdonald then dispensed tea in her cosy drawing-room, and the boys lined along the drive to give Lord Milner a fitting send-off. His Lordship afterwards expressed himself as more than pleased with his visit, the quiet though cordial welcome extended to him, the completeness of the arrangements throughout.

It is a privilege as well as a great pleasure to have seen this great and gentle man in a way so absolutely unofficial, and at a ceremony abounding in such quiet impressiveness.

Another of our guests, also a soldier and a man of true courage, was Dr. Pringle, an intrepid missionary whose work lies in the far Yukon, and whose life of consecrated service is an inspiration to us all. There was nothing of cant in the doctor's simple, manly talk delivered in the Assembly Hall to a roomful of interested boys. His experiences, which have all the flavor of romance, the dangers that daily beset his path, the humor and the pathos of missionary labor as it is in that cold western land of ours, formed a story that was all too brief to his hearers. It is the manliness of such a task as Dr. Pringle's, the heroic devotion to the grandest of all work—the saving of soul and body—that not only stimulates the imagination, but fills one with a deep admiration for the man that can successfully combat the vast if unorganized powers that are raised before him. This other great and good man has the best wishes of the College as a whole for his continued success in the cause that he has chosen to espouse. We shall eagerly look forward to having him with us at some future time.

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The Editors are truly grateful to those who have CONTRIBUTORS contributed to the pages of this present number.

The fellows in college have responded in splendid style to our request for readable material. The stories are good, and we wish that we had space to print others that seemed equally suitable. We are also greatly indebted to Gerald Grant for his very interesting article, which concerns S. A. C. boys of both a present and a past régime. Although this loyal son of the College has been abroad for some time, his love for and his interest in St. Andrew's has never flagged, and the present contribution is most gratefully received and much appreciated.



## *Contributed Articles.*

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### *FOR OLD SAKE'S SAKE.*

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"**A** LIVE or dead," repeated the man who was reading a notice in the waning light, and then he laughed softly to himself. "Well, it will be dead, Jake Simpson; that you may swear to."

The proclamation causing these expressions was to the effect that "£200 reward is offered for Gregory Carter, outlawed by Her Majesty's Government of Victoria, for breaking jail and committing various offences that endanger the lives of the citizens. The above reward is offered for his body, dead or alive. By Order, Jake Simpson, Gold Commissioner."

"Why should I be here starving and he a bloated commissioner, living in luxury, hunting down an old chum? He was a good fellow, Simpson, in the old days." He set out and climbed painfully to the top of the ridge and looked down on the twinkling lights of the camp below.

How they beckoned him through the mist and rain! Should he go down and ask his old companion for a warm bed and some supper, just for old sake's sake? No, his one-time friend had put a price on his head. He would be satisfied when they brought his dead body in before him.

Then he started. Why not? As well go out at once, if go he must. Could any misery be greater than dying by inches of starvation and cold on the ranges here? He would go down to the camp and hold up Simpson. It would be a hand-to-hand fight—his life or Jake's, and then things would be settled. After all, it was not a bad way of leaving the world.

So down the hill he went, straight for the camp, praying that no one would recognize him before he was face to face with Jake. It was dark now, quite dark, yet a shiver involuntarily ran through him as a challenge rang out; but then he remembered that he could not be seen. He spoke up: "Mr. Simpson is the commissioner here, isn't he?"

"What do you want with Mr. Simpson?"

"Tell him that an old schoolmate, Brooker Crane, asks for his hospitality."

The trooper called another. "Tell the commissioner, Wynne, that his old schoolmate, Brooker Crane, asks for his hospitality."

Crane stood waiting. He had reached the end now. There would certainly be death within the next ten minutes. He never doubted that the moment he came into the light Jake would recognize Gregory Carter, the bushranger, who had terrorized the country for the last three months. How dared he keep him waiting! Should he march up and tear aside the curtain?

Even as he decided he could wait no longer the tent curtain was flung aside, and in the bright light stood a figure in the undress uniform of a cavalry officer, shouting a hearty welcome through the darkness.

"Brooker, old chap, is it you? Come in, come in! who'd have thought of seeing you?"

"And he hasn't seen me yet," thought the wretched fugitive. Clutching at his pistols he stepped into the light, carrying his head defiantly.

"Brooker, old man, come in! I'm delighted to see you—delighted!"

How could he shoot when those eyes were so kind, that clasp so friendly?

"We do come to queer places in life, don't we, old man, occasionally? Let an old chum lend you a change. Come into my bedroom. Dinner 'll be ready in a few minutes."

He allowed himself to be led into the room, and there sat down and prepared for the meal.

There was only a curtain between him and Jake, and he listened with straining ears to all that went on in the other room. He heard someone come up and salute.

"If you please, sir, the sergeant says that Gregory Carter is in your tent."

There was a second's pause, and Crane clutched his pistol. Now was his time. Should he rush in?

"He's a clever chap, is the sergeant," said the commissioner's laughing voice. "I see promotion sticking out for him. There's nobody in my tent but my old schoolmate, Mr. Crane. He's a bit down in his luck, it's true, but it's rough to take him for a bushranger. Tell the orderly I shall probably want Bluebell to-night. Brooker, old man!"



The curtain was flung back and Carter stood facing the commissioner. He saw in his face that he knew who he was. For a moment the two men stood looking defiantly at each other. Then the accusation changed to pity.

"Brooker, old man, do you hear that? They want you for a bushranger—"

"If you only knew—" began the hunted man, and to his own surprise his voice broke.

"But I don't know," said Jake, quickly. "The only enemy hereabouts is Gregory Carter, and he's hiding in the ranges, poor wretch. Come in and have some dinner, and then I can lend you a horse, or you can stay the night, as you please."

Once more Crane looked at his host, curiously. He was starving, and a dainty dinner was a thing he had not seen since they two had parted. For a moment or two they ate in silence. Then Crane asked, unsteadily:

"Do you think Carter a rank bad un?"

Jake looked at him sharply.

"Well, what do you think yourself? He's no saint, and there's a price on his head. He may not be guilty of all these offences, but I can't forgive him for shooting that poor old woman on Baker's hill. Hanging's too good for the man who did it."

Brooker Crane leaned across the table, solemnly.

"Jake, I never heard of that old woman, I swear, but," he added, "Carter might say the same. All the crimes in the country for the last six months have been laid to his charge."

A gust of wind blew against the tent. Crane looked at the comfortable interior—the cozy fire.

"I must get on. There's a situation I shall lose if I don't get there to-morrow morning, and I can't afford to lose much nowadays."

"I'll give you Bluebell," said Jake. "You can pay me for her later. Here!" Jake went over to a box in the corner and drew out some notes, which he handed to his old chum.

Crane took them mechanically, but there were hot tears on his cheek.

The horse was standing at the door. Brooker tried to speak but could find no voice. This was the man he had come down to kill. Finally he gasped out:

"Jake, I want to tell you—"

"Don't tell me, for heaven's sake," said Jake, in unfeigned alarm. "I'm the gold commissioner, and I'm bound to take Carter if I have the slightest news of his whereabouts."

"Gregory Carter is dead. Whatever happens he is dead," said Crane, earnestly.

Jake stretched out his hand and grasped his old chum's.

"Good-by, old man, good-by. I must get back. Good luck go with you. How am I to thank you?" His voice was husky, and Jake cut him short.

"Good-by. You'd have done as much, I know, for old sake's sake—good-by."

The commissioner turned and entered his tent.

BEATY I.

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### ***THE HAUNTED HOUSE.***

---

NO doubt many of you will remember having seen, in the various London newspapers, dating from November, 1862, to the following March, accounts of a series of tremendous jewel robberies among the highest social circles.

My attention was first drawn to these at a ball given by one of my friends.

It was terribly hot and stuffy in the ball-room, so having disposed of my last partner I wandered into the conservatory to have a smoke. Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm and turning beheld my hostess, looking very pale and rather excited.

"Ralph," she said, "think that in this house to-night I must be entertaining thieves! The big pendant of rubies has been cut from my belt. I dare not mention it to my husband, he would be wild. Lady Melrose has lost her set of diamonds, and several others have missed brooches or sprays. Is there any one whom you would suspect?"

"Not at present," I answered, "but I will get to work at once and suspect someone."

She laughed nervously and turned away. I went over to the door of the conservatory and sat down, in such a position that I commanded a full view of the ball-room, the stairway and part of the refreshment room.

A waiter brought me a cup of strong coffee, and under its influence my brain began to work clearly.



This mystery must be solved, for it meant big loss to myself.

Mine was the largest and finest jewelry establishment in London. If these robberies continued, ladies would not dare to wear their real gems, thus I would lose a great deal.

I decided to begin at one place and watch every one in turn, no matter who they might be. In the refreshment room were several people. One was a minister, one a very much painted and over-dressed woman, the other was a sickly youth busy eating candy and tarts. They seemed to take no notice of each other, but at last the minister rose and walked towards the door. As he passed the woman he dropped something into her hand. Soon the woman followed, and not long afterwards I saw her talking to Mrs. Sybil Vaughan. It was a low and hurried conversation, and in my present state of mind my suspicion was aroused at once. By the way, who was this Mrs. Vaughan? She was to be seen at every ball given in London; no one knew how she was invited, but she was there nevertheless. I had often danced with her, and she struck me from the first as being coarse and loud, yet extremely clever.

The two had suddenly disappeared, but presently I beheld Mrs. Vaughan descending the stairs. I got up and walked towards her. Just as I reached the foot of the stair-case her dress caught upon one of the projecting ends of the fretwork on the railing, and a large panel of silk was torn slightly away from the rest of the dress.

With a smothered exclamation Mrs. Vaughan stooped to survey the damage.

Heavens, what was that! Something flashed from the torn panel. As she attempted to replace the piece, I distinctly saw, to my untold amazement, several brooches pinned to the dress beneath the panel. The next second she had covered them.

"Not much harm done, I hope," I remarked. "Perhaps the maid upstairs could mend it."

She looked up sharply and gazed searchingly at me as if trying to read my thoughts—then blushed, and accepting my suggestion as an excuse to get off by herself, she turned and ran upstairs. I returned to my coffee.

There could be no doubt of it now. So that was how the jewels of London's celebrities were disappearing so mysteriously.

Presently I noticed Sybil Vaughan in the ball-room, flying around as if nothing had ever happened. I went in, secured a pretty pink slip of a girl for partner, and proceeded after her. As we passed her, in our third turn about the room, she smiled winningly at me. Did she have the least suspicion of my knowing? No! that was not the smile of one who suspected.

Before long my partner stopped me, and remarked, poutingly, as she lead me from the whirl, "My but you're dull to-night; you only keep saying, 'I thought so, the panel buttons up one side.' I'll wait until you're in a little more entertaining mood."

It was impossible to make a success of dancing, so I walked outside. A large number of carriages had already assembled. I went up to the footman, whose business it was to call the various vehicles as their owners wished to leave, and handing him a coin, asked him to find the address of Mrs. Vaughan, and inform me the moment she left.

After some time, a servant ran in, and, coming up, told me that the porter wished to speak to me right away.

"She has just gone, sir," said that worthy; "address is 173 Parkman Place."

"Why, that house is reported to be haunted," I exclaimed. "Howsomever that was what she said, sir," he answered. My own coachman was called, and instructing him to follow some distance behind the other carriage I jumped in, and off we whizzed.

The drive was long and dreary. We stopped some distance from the place, and I reconnoitered on foot. It was a tremendous house, once one of the finest in this district, but now forlorn and neglected-looking; moreover, reported as haunted.

I returned to the carriage and ordered the man to drive me home. On the way my plan was formed.

A small flashlight and a brace of revolvers were the first important things to make sure of. To hunt up a party of police came second. I gave the officer in charge the address, and instructed him as to where I wished him to place his men. Only when they heard a revolver shot were they to come to my aid.

The carriage was changed for a light electric runabout, and off we went for the haunted house.

The runabout was left several blocks away in charge of my



man. I walked briskly to No 173, and entered the grounds by means of a hedge. I had never given a thought to such things as ghosts in my life, but as that solemn, shabby building loomed black in front of me something seemed to curdle inside me.

A big verandah was on the front of the house, surmounted by a balcony. Large French windows opened on to the latter. Here was to be the hiding-place of the police. Four of the men were to climb up and wait until the shot came. They were then to rush in. The remainder were to guard every possible exit.

To climb to the balcony was my first move. This was rendered easy, owing to the heavy vines which grew all about the place. A little exertion, a few heartily breathed swear words at the thorns, and I stood safely at my goal. Just then a faint light appeared down the crack of the door. My heart leaped into my throat. Was it ghosts or was it only this thief with her accomplices? I came to the latter conclusion, and going to the farthest possible window from the lighted one, I set to work on the pane.

It was but the work of a moment to cut the semicircle in the glass, put on the brown paper and molasses, extract the piece, and unlock the sash.

After listening intently and hearing no suspicious sounds, I carefully opened the window and entered. The room was black as ink. I removed my shoes, then very cautiously switched on my light.

To my surprise the room was luxuriously furnished. So this was the dreaded haunted house of fashionable London. I mentally noted the plan of the room, then, turning off the light, walked over to the door. This proved to be one of the large sliding type. I found the catch and began to slide it slowly open, when hark! a low babble of voices came from some distant part of the house. I entered the next room. It was similar to the last. The door also was a sliding one. From my place at it I could distinctly hear voices, evidently coming from just the other side of it. Very, very gently I opened it till I could see the whole inside of this new room.

Mrs. Sybil Vaughan, the painted woman, the minister, the youth and another man sat around a table. They were quarrelling savagely among themselves, too busy to notice my en-

trance. But what chiefly attracted my attention was the pile of jewels lying scattered over the table. There were scores of brooches and necklaces that I had often seen adorning London's society leaders.

It was high time for action. Would the police be in position? I determined to wait awhile, and make sure, and then it would—

A woman's shriek rang out, followed by another and another. They had seen me. I had to act quickly. The men were making at me. I aimed at the lamp on the table and fired. Immediately the room was black. The men rushed about swearing, the women shrieked lustily. Then came a crash; the lights were on and the place full of police. All the inmates were taken.

In less than half an hour I was safe at home, and the ghosts of the haunted house were safe in jail.


The trial came off in due course, and created a great sensation.

The story would take another chapter, but the result was three years for each of the men and two for the women.

London's ball-rooms were once more secure, and the mystery was explained as to why there was a story circulated of the haunted house.

HIGINBOTHAM.

### ***FRIENDS.***

 HERE is a day in childhood when a disappointment comes,  
And that day is very black and very sore

That brings the revelation to the little ones at play

That dolls are filled with sawdust—nothing more.

And they vow with an insistence that is infantile but plain,  
They will never love their dollies, not again, not again.

Then we elders take the children, and we wipe their little eyes;

"Real dollies would be horrid," so we say;

Dolls are always made of sawdust, and if real ones could exist,

They would not be one-half so nice for play."

So we tell them, and we whisper, "Let no murmurings remain;

Love your little sawdust dollies once again, once again."



Then we old ones leave the children, and we lead our varied lives,  
And we just repeat the same old foolish wail;  
For we take a friend, adore him, and exalt him to the skies,  
Till some little faulty action makes him fail.  
Then we hate him, and we leave him, and we cry out in our pain  
That our doll is made of sawdust once again, once again.

And no one wipes our tear-drops when the disappointment comes,  
And no one gives us words of good advice,  
Saying, "Friends are never perfect. If by fairy touch they were,  
We should not find them half so sweet and nice."  
And no one soothes our fretting to the little children's strain,  
Saying, "Love your sawdust dollies once again, once again."


So we blunder through a lifetime full of sad and strange mistakes,  
And 'tis many, many years till we find out  
All the sacredness of friendship, all the value of a friend,  
All the foolishness of change, mistrust and doubt.  
Till we find our search for absolute perfection all in vain,  
And, returning, love our dollies, though of sawdust, once again.

—A. F. F., in *Alt-Heidelberg*.

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### S. A. C. IN THE ALPS.

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" EET us in Interlaken on Monday; coming on Brienzen boat.—Ned." Such was the telegram I found awaiting me in my room on returning from a three days' mountain trip, and as it was then Sunday evening we made preparations for an early start in the morning.

The day dawned warm and beautiful, and the distinctness of the snow-clad Alps gave promise of continued fine weather. The sail down the lake of Thun was wonderful, and as we neared Interlaken the majestic "Jungfrau" towered high above us. At last we came to our destination, and drove across the city to the lake of Brienzen, just in time to catch the incoming boat.

Up in the bow I could see Bud, with a smile and a suit-case, and in a few minutes we were all together, despite the efforts of a portly German whose circumference was too large for the gang-

way. We then proceeded to a café, formed our plans, and after a good dinner went for a swim, but nearly froze, as the lakes are fed by glaciers. However, after eating about three pounds of milk chocolate we thawed out, and were just in time to catch the boat for Beatenbucht. Here we took the funicular railway to Beatenberg, from which village we had decided we would ascend the Niederhorn in time to see the sunrise. Arriving there at about 8 p.m., we had dinner, and were informed that a circus was in the village, and that there was to be a performance that evening at nine o'clock. The menagerie consisted of a horse, two dogs, and a weird-looking animal between a horse and cow, with enormous horns, which fell off in the middle of the performance. A rusty old music-box gave out a few signs of life occasionally, and a boy and girl tried to do some gymnastic stunts, but as the whole thing was such a farce we left before the end, and went up into the village to see if we could wake it up; but owing to the sudden appearance of a gendarme we were forced to stop our carousals until a later hour.

It was now after 11 p.m., and as we were not going to start till 1.30 a.m. we went on the hotel verandah and chatted about S. A. C. At about twelve o'clock we decided to go upstairs and lie down on our beds till one, Ned and Uncle occupying one room, while we had one next to them. We had no sooner got inside our room, and were searching around for the electric light, when Rex stumbled over a suit-case and went on his nose, making enough noise to wake the dead, to say nothing of the people in the adjacent rooms. Then, when we began to talk in order to stay awake, everybody commenced rapping on the walls and hurling numerous "Donnerwetters" at us.

However, the time for departure came at last, and we crept downstairs, each carrying his boots, a rucksack and an alpenstock. After putting on our boots we crawled through a window, and as a parting greeting saluted the hotel with a St. Andrew's Hoot. One-thirty struck as we passed the village church, and turning off to the left we began to ascend. The moon was shining brightly, and away over the lake we could just make out the snow-line on the mountains. After half an hour's walking, Fat, who is generally on the lookout for anything in the eating line, proposed a halt for refreshment, which sentiment appeared to be heartily endorsed by the others. We thereupon partook of a goodly portion



of the food we had brought with us, and in so doing made our rucksacks somewhat lighter. We were now at one of the most dangerous spots on the whole journey, and as the moon was waning we were obliged to pick our steps very carefully. After roping ourselves together, I went ahead with my ice-pick and cut steps in the moraine, which here formed a long ridge.

Gradually we worked our way over, and in another minute I would have been off the ridge, if Ned, who was the last in the line, had not lost his balance and, slipping to one side, gone sliding down the bank. He soon came to the end of his rope and dragged Uncle off his feet, but happily he had thrust his alpenstock deep into the ground, and thus prevented himself from following in Ned's wake. Meanwhile, Ned's toboggan-slide being brought to an end, he (Ned) had gained his feet, and in ten minutes we were safely on the level. Here we rested for a few minutes, and as the rest of the way to the top was only an hour's steady tramp up the mountain-side, we unroped and proceeded on our way.

We arrived at the top of the Niederhorn at half-past three, without further mishap, but it was still dark, and the wind, coming from the snow-peaks around us, was bitterly cold. We huddled together in a vain attempt to get warm, and then went through a set of the Lancers, followed by other dances of our own production. By such continued actions we at last got up enough energy to sing some college songs, and then the thought of making a fire came to us. After considerable difficulty we succeeded in starting a fairly respectable blaze, and kept it alive with an old tree which we pulled up by the roots. All this time there was no sign of daybreak, and Rex remarked on the possibility of there being an eclipse. Thereupon Budd rooted out an old pocket almanac, and we found, with the aid of matches and the firelight, that the sun was due to rise in Toronto on that day at 4.27, so we thought it must come up at least sometime soon in Switzerland. We were consoling ourselves with this thought when we were suddenly startled by a howl from Uncle, and turning around we saw him pointing towards the east, where sure enough was the long-awaited-for golden streak—the first sign of day. It was growing larger every second, and before we knew it the white mountain-tops had turned to red. Below us was nothing but a billowy mass of clouds, which formed a sea completely around the base of our peak, while the mountain-tops, which were but a minute ago a deep red, turned to gold.

To the south of us were the mighty peaks of the Bernese Oberland, and to the west Mont Blanc among many others, all bathed in a wonderful golden light. The scene was so wonderfully pretty that we forgot our chilled state. To add to the splendor of it all, the drifting clouds disclosed below us a sapphire-blue lake. Gradually, however, the sun dispersed the clouds, and now, when the haze from the lowland to the north of us had gone, the Lake of Lucerne and the Black Forest could be seen in the distance.

It was now six o'clock, and as we were thoroughly warmed, we breakfasted on what was left, and then started on the downward trail. Nothing, however, in the way of excitement happened, except that we lost our path once and had to climb along the face of a precipice in order to reach the lower trail. We found it necessary to rope ourselves together again, but happily we soon succeeded in finding a mountain goats' path which led us safely to level ground, and in less than three hours we were back again in Beatenberg, none the worse for our night's outing.

"ONE OF THE PARTY."

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### **THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.**

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IN the early eighties Seattle was one of the toughest cities on the Pacific coast, and Heinrich Müller, or, as he was afterwards called, "The Flying Dutchman," was its toughest inhabitant. For many years he hung about its wharves and quays, often shipping before the mast on trading schooners for short runs down the coast, but never staying away long.

Then one spring the gold fever struck him, and, borrowing all the money he could, he set out for Alaska. The following spring he turned up in Vancouver, in company with four Alaskan Indians and with what appeared to be an unlimited supply of money. Buying a little sixty-ton schooner, the *Annie E. Lawson*, at auction, he renamed her the *Kite*, and after provisioning her, again started north.

For over a year nothing was heard of him; then one fall a Dutch bark putting into Perhey Island to refill her water tanks found him living with a tribe of Indians in a little bay at the northern end of the island.



The following spring Müller again turned up in Vancouver, his schooner loaded to the hatches with an unusually rich cargo of pelts; and though the port officials had their suspicions, he got off with a warning. This taught him wisdom, and in future he disposed of his pelts in Seattle, or some smaller port, where no prying harbor officials asked him questions. He sold his cargo and started north, then came the news of a raid on the Pribilof rookeries and the unsuccessful pursuit of the poacher by the Russian patrol boat, which had appeared upon the scene just in time to catch a glimpse of a rakish-looking schooner disappearing round a headland. Made bold by the success of the unknown poacher, other sealers began to take a whack at the preserves. First it was the schooner *Lorilie*, getting off scot-free; then the American bark *Morning Star*, caught red-handed on the Peace Island rookeries and confiscated, and several others.

By this time the wires were hot, and when a gunboat despatched from Vladivostock to reinforce the Behring Sea patrol overhauled the *Kite* coming through the Straits with her hold packed with newly-salted pelts, the wiseacres prophesied trouble for "the Flying Dutchman," but, as usual, there was no direct proof, and after a couple of weeks Müller was released. He waited for a few months for the storm to blow over, and then began again.

All through the nineties he worried the officials of two nations with his escapades, but at last a long-suffering Government decided there must be a change.

So one beautiful spring day a Government schooner from Vancouver ran into Müller's little land-locked bay, took possession of the *Kite*, which was riding at anchor, and landed sixteen men, armed with rifles, who commenced to search the village. The natives rallied with everything they could lay their hands on, from Winchesters to fish-spears, and, led by Müller, attacked the invaders, who got away, leaving one dead and carrying three, the schooner covering their retreat with a blazing Nordenfeldt. They left in a hurry, cutting their moorings with an axe and leaving the *Kite* gently rocking at anchor.

Müller was far from being a fool, and knew when he had gone too far, so when, two weeks later, after the usual amount of red tape, a cruiser felt her way in through the narrows, she found the harbor empty and the village in ashes. Stopping only long enough

to destroy the storehouse, which had been left standing, she swung about and raced south in search of Müller and the *Kite*. For three weeks she hunted for the elusive schooner, then just as she was giving up the search there came the welcome news that a vessel answering to the general description of the fugitive had been seen off Seal Island. Again the cruiser ran northward, and at dawn of the following day was rewarded by sighting the topsails of a distant schooner. By four o'clock she had so gained upon the chase as to be almost within range, and half an hour later she dropped a shot across the schooner's bows, ordering her to heave to. Contrary to all expectations, she did.

The natty lieutenant who boarded her was met at the rail by a huge mate of the "buc" variety, who escorted him aft to where a red-faced, excited skipper danced up and down and raved of consuls and international complications. Now, the lieutenant, although very young, had seen a good deal of service on the coast, so instead of putting a prize crew on the schooner and clapping her crew in irons, in the manner approved by most naval officers when angry, he asked to see her papers, and after finding that she was the American schooner *Duncombe*, of San Francisco, bought on such and such a date from one Heinrich Müller, Esq., for the price below-mentioned, etc., etc., he made a dignified apology to the irate skipper, and returned to his own vessel to tell his commanding officer that the Dutchman had fooled them again.

But at last Müller's luck had changed; posters offering a reward of five thousand dollars for his apprehension and capture had been scattered about the country, and in Calgary a police officer recognized him, and after a desperate struggle Müller was lodged in jail.

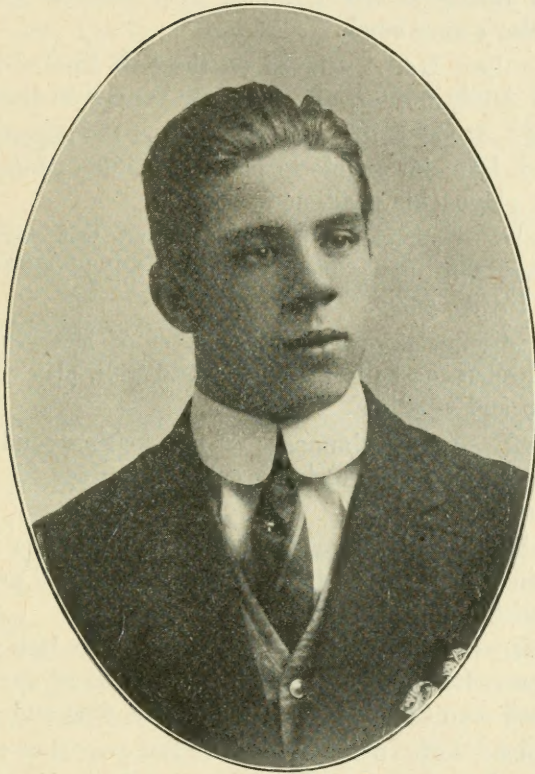
Müller's subsequent trial and execution were too much talked about at the time to need much recounting; enough to say that on December 3rd, 1898, he paid the penalty for his many crimes, wearing a bold front to the last, and smoking a cigarette on his way to the scaffold.

BELL II.



## *Athletics.*

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A. J. BOLLARD  
CAPTAIN

### ***PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM.***

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**B**OLLARD, Captain of the team, and an old color; played his old position of full-back; proved a very efficient captain, both on account of his good playing, and on account of the way in which he handled his team throughout the season. The best tackler on the team, a sure catch, and a fast runner; his long runs and brilliant tackles were the feature of every game.

FOSTER.—Centre Half; learned his football in Vancouver. Was rather handicapped at the first of the season by the change in style of football from the English to the Canadian. Made excellent runs during season and is a hard man to bring down. Very fast, also a sure catch.

MUNRO.—Left Half. Played on the half line of last year's seconds. A dandy punter, also a speedy runner in time of need.

LORIMER.—Right Half. He was hurt at the beginning of the season, which left him unable to play till Ridley game. A good tackler, and played his position well.

ANGSTROM.—Quarter. A graduate from last year's second team. A very fast man; used his head well at all times, particularly in U.C.C. game.

CROWE.—Centre Scrimmage. Another of last year's second team. He heeled the ball out quickly and well, also very fast at following up and tackling.

BOWMAN I.—Left Scrimmage; off last year's second fourteen; hard worker. Used his weight to great advantage in the scrimmage and mass plays.

BELL.—Right Scrimmage; another graduate from the second team. Trained hard; played very consistently in all games. He knew his position and played it to perfection.

HASTINGS.—Right Inside Wing. Played on last year's seconds until prevented on account of injury. One of our best wing men. A hard man to hold; very progressive, firm and strong.

WATEROUS.—Left Inside Wing. A last year first team color. An experienced man, good worker, also very hard to hold. Heady player, good at leading bucks.

PHILLIPS.—Right Middle Wing; another last year first fourteen. The strongest and firmest man on the team. Held his position well and worked hard; distinguished in leading bucks.

SHOOK.—Left Middle Wing. Was a very hard worker, attended practices regularly, and could always be relied upon.

PAISLEY.—Right Outside Wing.—New boy, dandy tackler. He kept himself in the pink of condition throughout the entire season. Very fast man in his following up.

ACTON.—Left Outside Wing. Holds the honor of being promoted from last year's fourth team. A fast runner, very hard and sure tackler, also exceedingly good at following up.



### *S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.*

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**S**T. ANDREW'S COLLEGE played their first game in the "Little Big Four League" on October 17th, at Port Hope, with T. C. S. as opponents.

For a number of years T. C. S. have never figured very strongly in the league, but this year they had an excellent team and managed to come through without a defeat and win the championship.

The great success of the team was due to the splendid generalship of Campbell, their excellent quarter back and captain. THE REVIEW takes this opportunity of extending to T. C. S. its most hearty congratulations.

The day was an excellent one for football, being very fine, with little or no wind, and both teams were very anxious to get into the game, which was called for 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon.

After about two hours' ride the team arrived at Port Hope and were met at the station by Captain Campbell, who welcomed them on behalf of the school.

T. C. S. went on the field a few minutes before the time for the game, and were soon followed by S. A. C. No time was lost in starting. S. A. C. won the toss and elected to play west. T. C. S. kicked off to one of their wings, who was downed before getting very far. On their first down, T. C. S., on a splendid combination half back run, gained about fifteen yards. They now used their weight and bucked through S. A. C. line for big gains. On the next down they lost the ball on interference, and S. A. C. kicked the ball back to centre, where play was held for some time. S. A. C. was holding better, and T. C. S. had to kick on their third down, but by a bad muff of one of S. A. C.'s backs they secured again about ten yards out. They then bucked over for their first score. The try was not converted, and the score stood 5—0 in favor of T. C. S.

On the kick-off S. A. C. worked the ball into T. C. S. territory, but again the Port Hope boys' weight told, and they bucked for big gains, and soon secured another try. This was also not converted, making the score T. C. S. 10, S. A. C. 0.

Soon after the kick-off Phillips, S. A. C.'s inside wing, was hurt and had to retire from the game, his place being taken by

Thompson II. This, coupled with the score of T. C. S., somewhat dampened S. A. C.'s spirits, and at half time the score stood at 21 to 5 in favor of T. C. S.

In the second half S.A.C. played much better ball, and held T. C. S. much better than in the first period. Quite a number of times T.C. S. got right up to the line, but S. A. C. put all their strength into the defensive and held them back. During this half Bollard of S. A. C. got away for one of the best runs of the day, going nearly the length of the field before being brought down, but the ball was called back and soon T. C. S. got a try, which made the score 26 to 5.

S. A. C. then went at the game hard, and for some time looked very dangerous, but some interference lost their chance of scoring, and on exchanges of punts and runs and fast following up of T. C. S. wings they worked the ball again into S. A. C. territory, where Reed dropped a goal, which was the last score of the game. Some few minutes after the whistle blew and S. A. C. had sustained their first defeat at the hands of T. C. S.

The features of the game were the playing of Captain Bollard for S. A. C. and of Campbell and the back division of T. C. S., S. A. C. securing their only score by the fast following up of the half backs on side. One of the T. C. S. muffed badly, and Paisley fell on the ball for S. A. C.'s only score.

Full back—Shook; halves—Bollard, Paisley, Monroe; quarter—Angstrom; scrimmage—Oliver, Crowe, Waterous; inside wings—Hastings, Bowman; middle wings—Bell, Phillips (Thompson); outside wings—Acton, Paisley.

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### *S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.*

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AT fifteen minutes after two on Saturday afternoon, October 24th, a tally-ho drawn by four prancing brown horses drew up to the front door with nineteen husky-looking boys carrying the blue and white. They were U. C. C.'s first team, who had come down to represent the school on top of the hill. The score was 4—0 in favor of U. C. C.; this points the comparison of both teams. U. C. C. on the whole had the better team, considered man to man, but team to team as a whole you



could hardly draw any difference; both teams were evenly matched in weight and speed. The game was anybody's game; the only thing that won for U. C. C. was the punting of Saunders. On the bucking and end runs College was superior.

The game was preceded by many heavy showers, which rendered the field very slippery; this interfered largely with the attendance, which was very small, although the fair sex was fairly well represented.

As the teams entered the field a lively exchange of yells took place between the two colleges, and when Referee Dr. Wood called the players together at half-past two he was faced by two very determined teams.

S. A. C. won the toss, and elected to kick against the wind for the first half. U. C. C. got the free kick, punting it to Foster, who quickly returned it to their twenty-yard line. The spectators did not have to wait long to see what U. C. C.'s intentions were, for on their first down Saunders kicked the ball to S. A. C.'s forty-yard line. U. C. C.'s kick was well handled by Foster, who ran the ball back to the fifty-yard line. On the second down Upper Canada were off side, and Bollard punted to Madden, who was tackled on his own twenty-yard line. U. C. C. were given a free kick on St. Andrew's off side, and Saunders' punt was fumbled by Kilgour, the U. C. C. boys securing the ball at the fifty-yard line. S. A. C. held them here for two downs, and then Saunders punted to centre, Foster running back ten yards before being downed. Waterous was given a try, and made a very pretty buck through U. C. C. for eight yards. On College third down they punted; Bollard, following up, got Madden at the thirty-yard line. U. C. C. now kicked to Wright, who muffed it, U. C. C.'s man getting the ball. They now rushed the game, and soon, by strenuous bucks, they placed themselves on S. A. C.'s forty-yard line. After gaining their yards they again bucked S. A. C. back to the thirty-yard line, where they kicked a dead line. On S. A. C.'s quarter-way kick, Bollard faked, gaining fifteen yards. From here College led some strong bucks, gaining yards at every attempt. Again Foster booted it to Madden, who made his mark. College lost the ball on a fumble, and U. C. C. had it on the forty-yard line. U. C. C. were a little too anxious and got off side, giving the ball to S. A. C. Here S. A. C. kicked the ball to one of U. C. C.'s halves, who, fumbling it, let it become

S. A. C.'s ball again. On the first down Phillips made a strong buck, which gained ten yards; again we bucked until we were on the ten-yard line. On a half-buck Bollard went over for a try, but was called back for an off side interference. U. C. C. on an exchange of punts S. A. C. lost ten yards, as Kilgour was tackled at quarter way, when returning a kick. When the whistle blew for half time S. A. C. had the leather on U. C. C.'s thirty-yard line. The score was then 1—0 in favor of U. C. C.

Crowe started the second half by kicking the ball to Bollard, who punted it up to their forty-yard line. U. C. C. on their first down kicked a low kick to S. A. C. halves. Again U. C. C. secured the ball and kicked another dead one, making the score 2—0 in U. C. C.'s favor. From quarter way S. A. C. managed to advance the ball to their own forty-five-yard line, where they lost on downs. U. C. C. captured the ball, making on their first down their necessary yards with a fake triple buck; Maclean went off with a ten-yard run, but lost the ball on an off side interference. A free kick was given S. A. C. on U. C. C.'s forty-yard line. Saunders was tackled before he was able to run back. Hastings played well at inside wing and stopped run after run coming at him. On account of U. C. C. not gaining yards, U. C. C. lost the ball on their own fifty-yard line. S. A. C., playing off side, gave it to U. C. C. again, who punted it down to Wright; not having time to return he tried to run, but was tackled by Burkhart at S. A. C.'s twenty-yard line. Again S. A. C. fumbled and U. C. C. took their downs. Saunders, taking the kick, piled up another for the benefit of U. C. C., tallying the score 3—0 in U. C. C.'s gain. Bollard gained ten yards on a fake kick. On the first down Phillips made a pretty buck, which brought S. A. C. up to their forty-yard line: S. A. C. were off side, and U. C. C. got a free kick, of which Saunders scored another dead line, adding one more to their list.

Very little play in the last half can be recorded, owing to the fact that it was mostly a see-saw game. The score at the beginning of this half was 1—0, and at the end 4—0.

When the whistle blew for full time joy unconfined reigned supreme with the blue and white.

For S. A. C. Bollard was most conspicuous; also Foster starred; while for U. C. C. Saunders was the star, and Burkhart was the best on the line.



Full—Bollard; halves—Foster, Lorimer, Kilgour; quarter—Angstrom; scrimmage—Bell II., Crowe, Bowman; inside wings—Waterous, Hastings; middle wings—Acton, Phillips; outside wings—Munroe, Paisley.

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*S. A. C. vs. B. R. C.*

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ELL, again we succeeded in beating Ridley, by a score of 28—7.

The team deserves great praise for the way they played the game, and the resulting score signifies that there was a big improvement since the previous games. There was not a department of the game in which College failed to show superiority.

The afternoon was an ideal one for a Rugby match, and the conditions under which the game was played were most favorable. There was a slight breeze blowing, and so the half backs did not have much trouble in judging punts.

The train left Toronto about nine o'clock, arriving at St. Catharines a little before lunch time. After lunch the time was spent in walking and examining the College until two o'clock, when all prepared for the game. At two-thirty Referee Dick Harcourt blew his whistle and the game was on.

B. R. C. had the kick, as S. A. C. won the toss and the choice of ends. Kicking to Foster, he ran to their fifty-yard line, where he made a neat pass to Bollard, who passed on down to their forty-yard line. On our first down Waterous led a strong buck, gaining ten yards; again it was our first down, Phillips getting the ball from quarter, went over to their ten-yard line. With a triple buck, led by Foster, S. A. C. landed a try, which Bollard converted, making the first score 6—0 in Andy's favor. On a fake kick Lees was tackled by Bell, who is always alert for those central plays. B. R. C. on their first play tried an end run, but seeing that it was not progressive they decided to play a kicking game. On the third down they kicked, only to be in the hands of S. A. C. again. Quarter time was called after the ball was kicked from S. A. C.'s fifty-yard line, leaving the score 6—0 in S. A. C.'s favor.

On changing ends Bollard got off with a good sprint on a fake

kick. S. A. C.'s first down took them down to B. R. C.'s thirty-five-yard line, but on an off side interference B. R. C. secured the buckskin. Lees kicked; B. R. C. wings, following up, caught the ball at S. A. C.'s forty-yard line. Again S. A. C. was off side and B. R. C. was given ten yards. Lees saw a good chance and punted it over for a dead line, counting first point for Ridley. From quarter way Bollard got away up to their own forty-yard line. Paisley took an end run, passed to Foster, who went for a sprint for twenty yards, then Hastings made a clean-up on the left for a ten-yard buck. S. A. C. working a fake buck, Bollard went over for a try, which he converted, leaving the score 12—1. From centre B. R. C. managed to creep down the field for a rouge, but in way of repetition S. A. C. again went over for a try. The whistle now blew for half time, leaving the Saints in the lead, 12—2.

By a criss-cross, Ridley, at the commencement of the second half advanced the ball to the forty-yard line. Lees then led a strong buck which gained for B. R. C. ten yards. On the next down Lees kicked to Wright, who, muffing it, let B. R. C.'s fast wings grab the ball. On a very tricky play B. R. C.'s quarter got over for a try, which was not converted, leaving the score 12—7 still in S. A. C.'s favor. Turning the tables, S. A. C. went over for two more tries, converting one. This pronounced the score 23—7. After this surprise S. A. C. continued to out-play their opponents.

Last quarter S. A. C. worked a fake kick to Bollard, who again led a run to their forty-yard line. Angstrom, our fast quarter, flew away with a twenty-yard run, leaving the ball at B. R. C.'s twenty-yard line. A few more downs S. A. C. was over for one more, ending the score, 28—7. S. A. C. now seemed to consider they had scored enough, and were content to hold B. R. C. in check by good defence work. The game ended soon after this, with the score 28—7.

After the game B. R. C. gave three hearty cheers for S. A. C., and those wearing the glorious crimson and white felt extremely happy.

For the College everybody played a great game, especially the back division, Foster's kicking and Bollard's running being of an exceptional kind. Paisley and Angstrom also made some excellent runs. On the wing line, everybody was prominent.



Ridley's main strength lay in tackling and kicking, Lees starting in the latter. B. R. C. deserve great credit for the sporting spirit they have: clean from the word "go."

The line up: Full—Bollard; halves—Lorimer, Foster, Munroe (Wright); quarter—Angstrom; scrimmage—Bell, Crowe, Bowman I.; inside wings—Waterous, Hastings; middle wings—Phillips, Shook; outside wings—Paisley, Acton.

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### NOTES ON THE GAMES.

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**F**AT THOMPSON—Cut out the dirty work or I will make a clean-up of the whole line.

Bell II.—Don't push, boys; shove if you wish.

Paisley—How could he be so naughty as to push me in the face?

Waterous—When *I* made the first team.

It was the funniest thing: no one saw Shook in the T. C. S. game.

H. Allan (to Dutch)—What was wrong? Why did you let Ridley get 7?

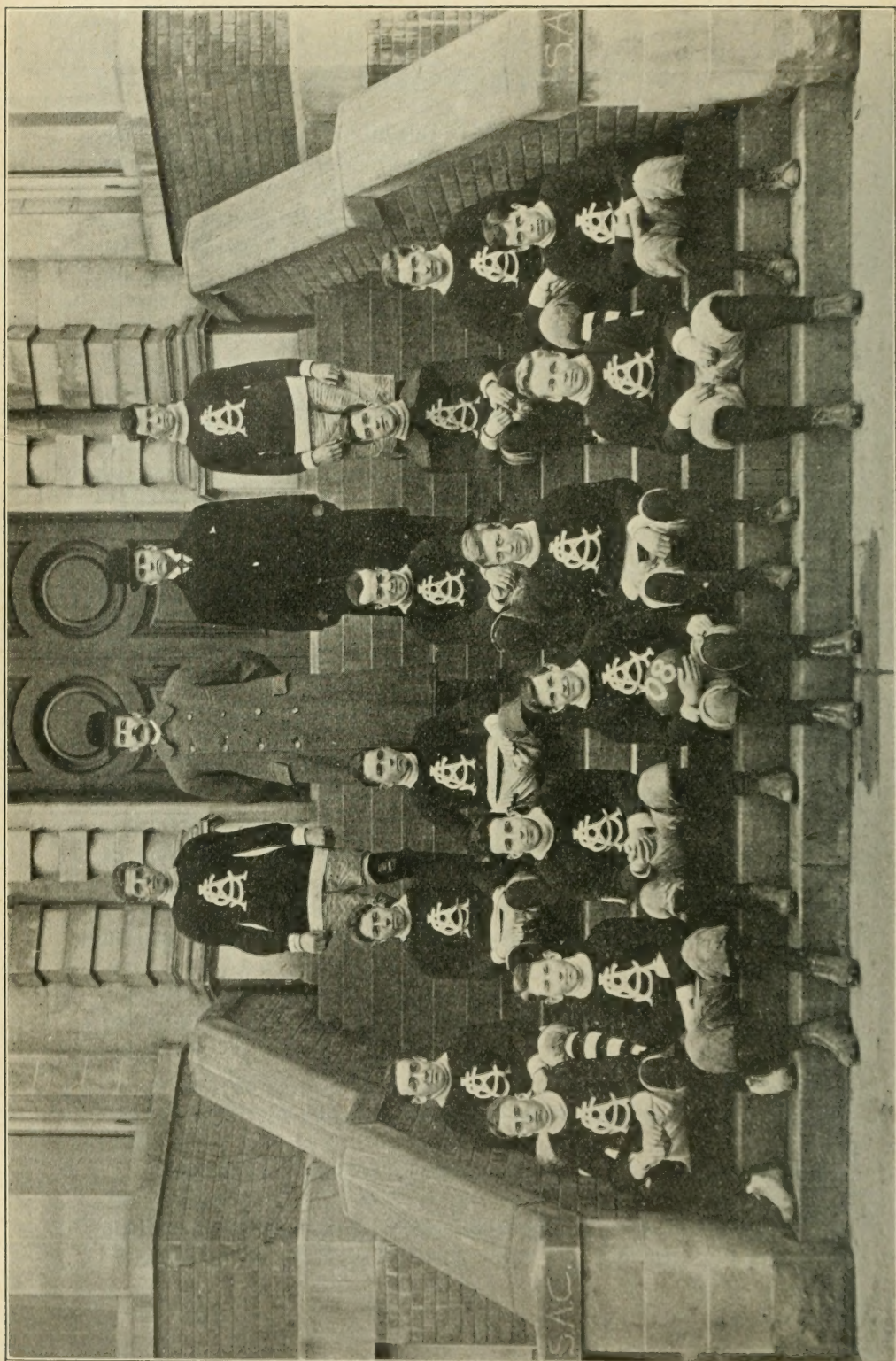
Dutch Bollard (in U. C. C. game)—I feel like a ship in an ocean of grease.

Fat Foster (in U. C. C. game, being delirious)—She will think I am a quitter.

Acton—Let's meet him just for a moment!

Crowe (in T. C. S. game)—Who are your fat friends?

T. C. S. Man (seeing Phillips in the line)—Oh! you little runt!



SECOND TEAM



### THE SECOND TEAM.

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**A**LTHOUGH but very little has been said of the Second Rugby Team of 1908, it does not signify that much praise is not due to it. If a glorious name and success is achieved only by the number of victories gained on the football gridiron, then the past season has been a failure, because the three games played were defeats for our seconds. However, the matter of games with outside teams was a secondary consideration, because from the first practice the seconds made it their mission to perfect the condition and the playing of the first team.

The first game was played on the college grounds against "Riverdale Collegiate," and in this the S. A. C. was victorious, piling up a score 19—0.

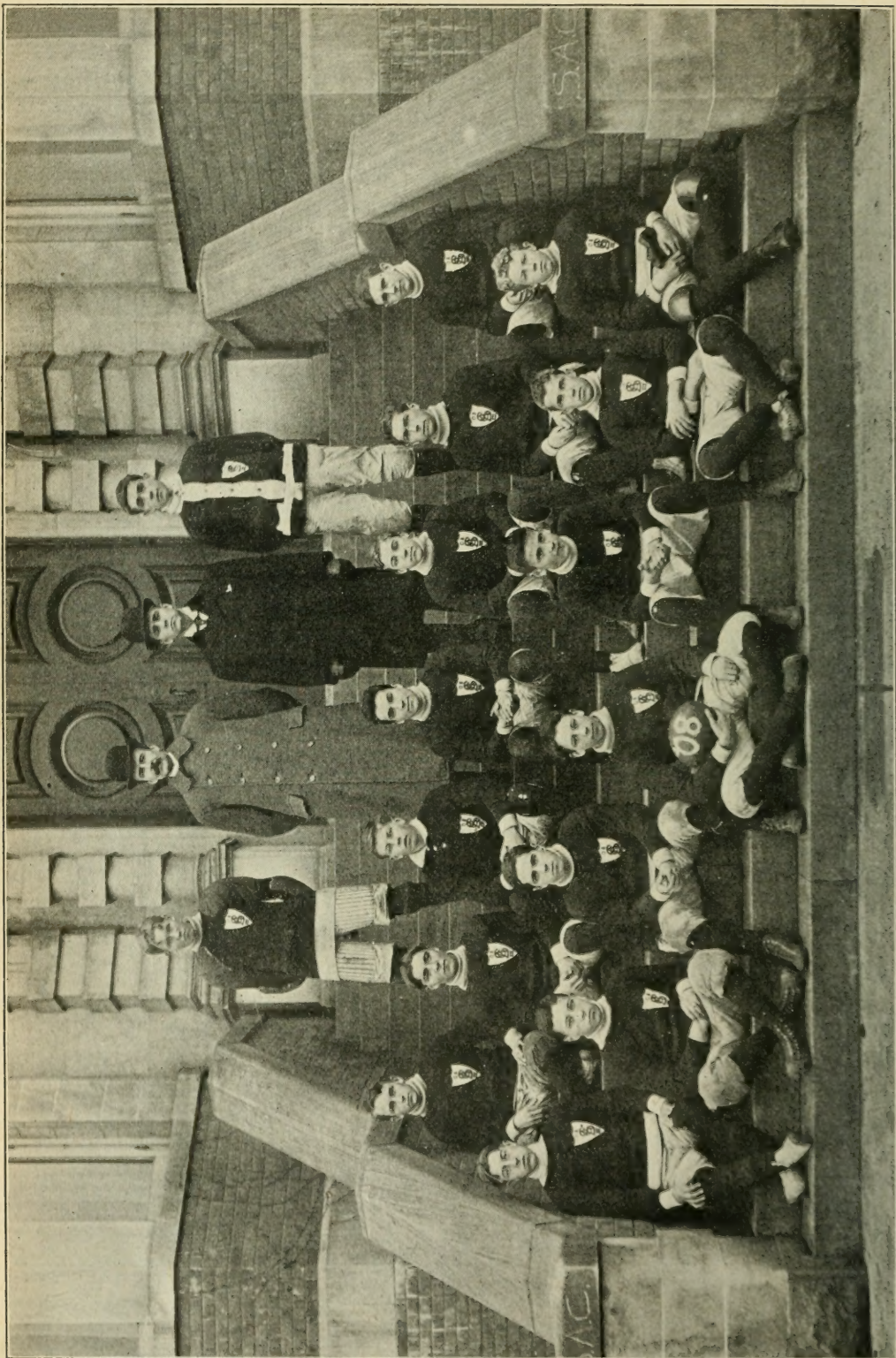
The next game was also on the college grounds, with Highfield I. as opponents. College was outclassed by Highfield, they being heavier and faster. At half time the score was 16—0 in favor of Highfield, but in the second half S. A. C. woke up and scored a dead line, making the score 30—1 in Highfield's favor.

The next game was our annual game with U. C. C., at Upper Canada's grounds. Upper Canada had the better of the play throughout the game. The seconds played a good game considering the comparison in their weights. The game resulted in a victory for U. C. C., 12—4.

The last game contested was in Hamilton, with Highfield I., being a return game. Highfield completely defeated College, being much older and heavier.

The line-up was as follows: Full back—Gooch; halves—Bicknell, Wright, Davison II; quarter—Davison I; scrimmage—Smith III, McKenzie, Thompson II; inside wings—W. F. Thompson, Oliver; middle wings—McPherson I., Gordon; outside wings—Kilmer, Firstbrook (captain).





THIRD TEAM



### THE THIRD TEAM.

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**U**NDER the able captaincy of C. Smith the third football team had a most successful season this year. They played four matches, of which they won three, having scored 79 points to their opponents' 17. The team deserves great credit, as this indicates the best third team the College has ever had. It is the only third team that won two out of three in the College history.

The first game was with Parkdale Collegiate, who were beaten, 11—2. Our next opponents were Highfield II.'s, also winning from them, by a score of 41—1. Now came the Upper Canada game. Something new from the past years, they succeeded in beating us, 15—0. The game was clean, and there is no doubt that the better team won. Our last, but not least, match was with Jarvis Collegiate II.'s. They were beaten badly, by a score 27—0.

The team lined up as follows: Full—Gooderham; halves—Smith II. (captain), Bradshaw, McKnight; quarter—McGregor; scrimmage—Gooderham I., Snelgrove, McTavish II.; wings—Lunan, Higginbotham, Gunn II., Webster, Walker, Kay, Haas II., Carlyle.

D. BOLLARD.

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### JUNIOR HOUSE RUGBY.

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**T**HE Junior House Rugby team had a most successful season, considering the teams they played, and holding them down so well. When you consider that only twenty-seven points were scored against their fifteen, it signifies that every Junior House player knew the game of Rugby.

Their first game was with the Rosedales, on Wednesday, October 7th. S. A. C.'s back division was superior in tackling and catching, but in weight Rosedale's average was much greater. At half time Rosedale was a margin in the lead. S. A. C., bracing up, scored a try in the last half, which was not converted, thus landing a victory for S. A. C., the score being 13—10.

On October 15th they had the opportunity of playing the Tigers. They, being rough and heavy, did not appeal to the

S. A. C.'s junior boys. Moore and Patterson II. played well in regard to catching and leading bucks. The score at half time was 0—0, which showed a very tight game. Owing to the heavy wind in the last half, the Junior House could not progress, so the score remained in Tigers' favor, 5—3.

Next came the ever looked-forward-to game with U. C. C. P. Well, this year they beat our Junior House, owing to off side interference on our part, and also to U. C. C.'s weight. At half time the score was 10—0 in U. C. C.'s favor. For S. A. C. Sutherland II. and Paterson I. were the stars, while Paterson II. also



FIRST TEAM, JUNIOR HOUSE

starred throughout the game. In the last half the game was very even, but U. C. C. still led with a score of 10—0.

Again they met U. C. C. for a return game on U. C. C. grounds. The team had improved considerably, and the score looked more respectable than last time, only being in favor of U. C. C. 2—0.

Throughout the whole season Paterson I. made a very good captain, and kept his team in good condition all through the Rugby term.



Moore and Sutherland II. were most conspicuous in all four games.

The team was: Full—Wright II.; halves—Paterson I., Sutherland II. Vaz; quarter—Paterson II; scrimmage—Berry, Dymont, McMath; wings—Cassels II., Rolph I., Moore, Ross IV., Cameron II., Gouinlock; spare—Brown.



SECOND TEAM, JUNIOR HOUSE

Their second team was more successful this year than in previous years, winning three good games out of four. They won from Models, 15—8; from U. C. C. 37—0; from Tamaracs, 14—6; but lost to Models, 13—12.

The team was: Full—Alexander (captain); halves, Booth, Hoefleur, Lowndes; quarter—Whitaker II.; scrimmage—McLenan, Campbell I., Perez I.; wings—Munro III., Milligan, Campbell II., Nelson I., Yuile II., Cassels III.; spare—Might.

D. BOLLARD.

**SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.**

HE annual cross-country run was held on Friday, November 13th, and from all points of view may be considered one of the most successful ever held at the college.

The start was made from the College gates about 3.30 in the afternoon, the boys travelling over the same course as in previous years, which is about five and one-half miles in length.

Although the air was quite cold and raw, this did not dampen the enthusiasm of the contestants. They made excellent time over the hard course, Sutherland I. covering the distance in 34.7.

Sutherland, who had been training hard, was picked to win the race by the majority, while a few looked upon some new boys as dangerous, but they did not show up as well as was expected.

Great credit is due the Athletic Association for the excellent handling of the race. As usual, a large number of stewards were posted along the course, to give directions and encouragement to the runners as they passed. The winning of this race is rightly held as one of the highest honors to be earned in connection with college athletics and the winner is to be congratulated on his success.

The first boy to cross the tape wins his shield on the Wallace Cup, our handsome cross-country trophy, also a gold medal. The second and third boys receive silver and bronze medals respectively.

There are also a number of cakes presented for the ones who come in first in each form, while there are cakes for the first boy from the first and second teams.

The following were those who received medals and cakes: Gold medal—Sutherland I.; silver medal—Acton; bronze medal—Bicknell; VI. Form cake—McLaughlin; V. A Form cake—Hertzberg; V. B. Form cake—Bollard; IV. A Form cake—Davison IV.; IV. B Form cake—Dunning; III. A Form cake—Goodman; III. B Form cake—Mitchell; II. Form cake—Cameron II; I. Form cake—Freeman; Prep. Form cake—Rolph III; First Team cake—Paisley; Second Team cake—Wright I; Boarders' cake—Matheson; Top Flat cake—Frith I.; Lower Flat cake—Mackenzie I.; Lower School House cake—Sutherland II.



### ***JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.***

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THE Junior Cross-Country Run took place on Tuesday, the 17th November, starting from the gate on the north of the College. About thirty-two competitors faced the starter, the preparatory boys having a handicap of nearly two minutes. The course, which is about 2 1-2 miles, proved heavy going, owing to a fall of snow, consequently many of the weighty men suffered. Sutherland II. ran the distance in 17 minutes (very good time, considering the conditions) winning the silver medal, being followed shortly after by Cameron II. who secured the bronze medal.

The Cake winners were as follows:

2nd Form Cake—Nelson II.

1st Form Cake—Cassels III.

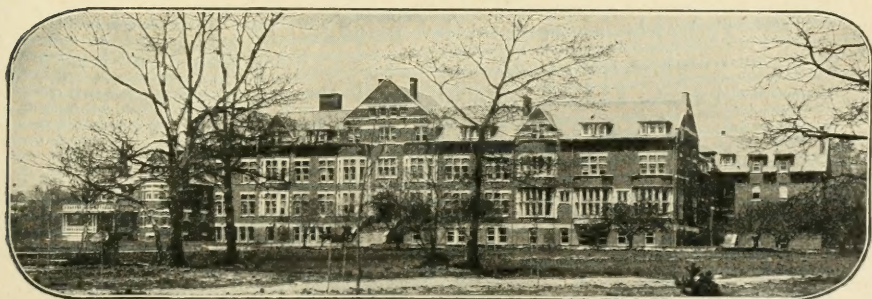
Senior Prep. Cake—Rolph III.

Junior Prep. Cake—Whitney.

First Footballer after Medallists—Rolph I.

First Senior Form Junior School Boarder—Hoeffler.

All the competitors, with the exception of one, finished the course, and he would have been well up but unfortunately strained his back about a mile from the finish. This almost constitutes a record for cross-country results.



## *Old Boys' Department.*

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THE Old Boys' page has just undergone another change of fortune in its rather spasmodic career. Whether it can survive such a reverse depends to a large extent on the support it receives from the Old Boys themselves. As in the case of most human beings the existence of this department can only be maintained by means of sustenance—of a light and an airy nature if you will—but nevertheless sustenance. So, if acting on this assumption the old boys would from time to time send in the reports of any of their achievements—or of their movements leading to prospective achievements—the Editors would be deeply grateful.

We are able to congratulate Harold M. Tovell on his engagement which has been recently announced.

A wedding of unusual interest to the older generation of St. Andrew's Old Boys took place not long ago in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, when the marriage was celebrated of Mr. Harry B. Housser and Miss Lucile Graham, of Toronto. As might be expected the affair had a distinct St. Andrew's aspect, although the guests were very numerous. We assuredly voice the sentiment of every Old Boy when we wish Mr. and Mrs. Housser all happiness.

St. Andrew's appears to be invading the University in stronger numbers each year. The present Freshman Year boasts many Old Boys, and every faculty with the possible exception of Education and Household Science has at least one representative from the school.

A team of Old Boys defeated the School fourteen at football this autumn, thus proving the superior quality of the men of a past age at St. Andrew's. The team was composed of Gibbs Blackstock, C. S. Crawford, E. S. Davidson, A. T. Fergusson, A. E. Gooderham, R. E. Grass, Jack Hope, W. B. McPherson, M. J. Parsons and A. R. Ramsay. A few Second team men were



thrown in to keep the team from becoming too irresistible. The honor of the victorious touch-down fell to McPherson, and the final score stood at eight to five.

In the following list, which is possibly incomplete, are the names of the Old Boys from St. Andrew's at present at the University of Toronto:

## FACULTY OF ARTS.

*I. Year.*

C. C. Ballantyne.	F. W. Macdonald.
O. D. Cochrane.	D. G. McIntosh.
C. S. Crawford.	G. B. McLaren.
E. E. Evans.	A. R. Ramsay.
D. T. Fraser.	A. R. Riddell.
T. P. Geggie.	C. E. Rogers.
R. E. Grass.	W. B. Stark.
F. B. Housser.	

*II. Year.*

Gibbs Blackstock.	K. B. MacLaren.
H. C. Crawford.	W. W. Winans.
H. H. Donald.	A. S. Winchester.
F. H. M. Irwin.	E. M. Wrong.

*III. Year.*

F. M. McPhedran.	A. B. Moffat.
C. V. Massey.	

## FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

*I. Year.*

G. F. Chestnut.	F. M. Macdonald.
B. Corbould.	W. B. McPherson.
E. S. Davidson.	L. Mills.
A. E. Duncanson.	

*II. Year.*

A. E. Alison.	E. P. Palmer.
A. W. Chestnut.	

*III. Year.*

V. S. Chestnut.	A. E. Gooderham.
H. A. Cooch.	W. W. Gunn.
A. T. Fergusson.	A. G. Sanderson.

*IV. Year.*

F. H. Chestnut.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

*I. Year.*

G. O. Fleming.

W. L. Wood.

A. G. Fletcher.

*II. Year.*

R. J. Mahlangeni.

H. M. Tovell.

*III. Year.*

I. W. Dickson.

P. D. Spohn.

*IV. Year.*

G. H. Wallace.

## FACULTY OF FORESTRY.

*I. Year.*

R. L. Junkin.

The following news has been sent in from the East:

Frank Carver is at present in Windsor, Nova Scotia. He has recently completed a very successful course in Mechanical Drawing in the International Correspondence Schools, and made the highest average of any student in Western Nova Scotia, several papers recording perfect marks.

Harry Bronson has joined the staff of the Royal Bank at Ottawa.

T. G. Cutler is in business in Halifax. G. A. Chase is likewise building up a commercial future at Port Williams, Nova Scotia.

Thomas Hale spent the summer and fall learning the lumger business with the Spanish River Lumber Company at Spanish Mills, Ont.



Carlton Monk, when last heard from, was in an Ottawa branch of the Bank of Montreal.

Bob Anderson has joined the staff of the Bank of Ottawa at the Capital.

Heber Lafferty is in his 2nd year at R.M.C.

Fred Carling has been receiving a business education at the Willis Business College, Ottawa.

When last heard from "Buster" Brown was in the Bank of Ottawa at Carp, Ont.

S. A. C. is well represented at Queen's this year. "Jimmie" Forgie is there in his third year Arts, and "Norm." Carver, Wattie Macnee and Hardie are all in their first year at the School of Mining. It seems like old times to the boys, as Mr. Walker, a former master at S. A. C., is one of the "profs." at the School of Mining.

Eric and Gerald Grant are still at Heidelberg, and spent this summer among the Alps. "Jack Stetson" is expected to return to Halifax in the spring but "Fatty" announces his intention of remaining longer on the continent.

Paul Findlay has joined the reportorial staff of the "Ottawa Free Press."

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A MOTHER'S LAMENT—A FOOTBALL IDYL.

On Monday they told me my Archie was killed,  
On Tuesday they sent home his nose,  
On Wednesday they brought me a piece of his foot,  
Next day I got two of his toes,  
On Friday the mail man delivered a rib,  
I felt just as blue as the weather.  
We've offered a prize to the man who can put  
All the pieces of Archie together.—*By A. Bug.*

## *Miscellany.*

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AN UNPREMEDITATED POSE

### **ANNUAL FOOTBALL DINNER.**

---

**T**HE annual football dinner was held at the College at 7 p.m. on Friday, November 27th. Those present included the Principal, members of the staff, several Old Boys, the First and Second Teams, and Sutherland, winner of the Cross-country. The evening passed very agreeably, Mr. Taylor, Mr. James and Wright contributing music at intervals.

After dinner Dr. Macdonald took the chair. He delivered an interesting address, and proposed a toast to His Majesty, King




Edward VII. The toast was drunk and the National Anthem sung. Mr. James then proposed a toast to Canada, responded to by Davison I. After this, Hope proposed the College, to which the boys drank heartily, giving their college yell. It was responded to by Dr. Macdonald. This was followed by one to the staff, proposed by Bowman I. and responded to by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Robinson's address was perhaps the most interesting of the evening. He gave an account of the origin and subsequent history of football. The Athletic Association was proposed by Oliver and responded to by Mr. Chapman. The most popular toast of all, that to the First Team, was then proposed by Gordon, and the boys showed by the hearty way in which they drank it that they thought no less of their team because it was not always victorious. Bollard responded, after which Shook, as he expressed it, made some toast for the Second Team. It was responded to by Firstbrook. Bollard then proposed the health of past captains, Allan responding, assisted by Sale. Following this, Hastings proposed the Cross-country Run. It was responded to by Sutherland, this year's winner. His speech, although not quite as interesting as Mr. Robinson's, was very amusing. Not the least important was the toast to the ladies, which was nicely handled by Paisley and responded to by Crowe. Last, but not least, came the Tuck-Shop, proposed by Foster and responded to by Bell II. A picture of the First Team was then presented to Allan by Captain Bollard, in recognition of his services as coach. Allan thanked the boys for the present. Dr. Macdonald afterwards delivered a short address, at the close of which the National Anthem was sung and the guests departed.

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### **A LATE SUPPER.**

---

N the evening of November 20th Miss Flossie Large and Lily Cameron received in their elegant suite on the Lower Flat. Miss Large, carrying a huge bunch of milkweed, tied with carmine chiffon, was quaintly attired in her favorite evening gown, her yellow brown hair matching the light cream bodice and rich violet

skirt very well. Miss Cameron was altogether in her glory, making a big hit in her elephant's breath directoire gown. The reception room was magnificently arranged, the mahogany furniture and chippendale china chiming with the light paper and gorgeous pictures. The eastern side was one mass of full blown nettles and cowslips, which were shown perfectly in the soft glow of the electric fixtures. The opposite side was covered with that much admired flower, the dandelion. Miss Georgina Campbell ushered the guests, while Miss Hanna strove to make them as comfortable as luxury would allow. An immense spread of the much favored pork and beans was then daintily served on silver chargers, each one a gem of S. A. C. art. The beverage consisted mostly of nectar de la tap. The ensuing course was about to be served when the danger signal was passed and the guests rather hurriedly retired. It was said that more than one of the company suffered a sleepless night from the dire effects of the supper. But on the whole the banquet was considered a stupendous success.




PREMEDITATED POSES



### EXCHANGES.

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OUR exchange list suffers considerably owing to the fact that we publish THE REVIEW but three times a year. More frequent periodicals manage to sustain an interest in their appearance at certain times, and while we are unable to acknowledge the receipt of these except on the occasions of our less frequent publication, they are nevertheless greatly appreciated and kept in remembrance. We trust that the fact of our appearing so seldom will not be misconstrued into indifference by the sister magazines.

The *Shucis* of Union College, Schenectady, is a charming little magazine, and one of the best on our list of exchanges. It is beautifully edited, neat and attractive both within and without, of unusual literary interest, and rich in excellent humor. We have borrowed largely from it for our "crib" column.

The *Calendar*, Buffalo, is a splendid College paper and improves steadily. Their reading matter is much above the ordinary, their cuts interesting and well-printed, and their jokes most entertaining.

*Alt-Heidelberg* is an interesting little periodical issued by the students of Heidelberg College. Its somewhat brief articles are most entertaining, but make one wish for more. We notice with pleasure the frequent mention of two old S. A. C. boys, Eric and Gerald Grant. The excellent poem on "Friends" is taken from this welcome little exchange.

*College Echoes*, from Tientsin, China. This is a very interesting monthly, giving the reader many glimpses of college life in China. We hope *College Echoes* will continue to exchange with us.

*Queen's University Journal*. This journal is found quite frequently on our exchange table. The articles, as usual, are very good.

The *Iris*, coming from Philadelphia, is both interesting and neatly gotten up. A few good illustrations would greatly improve it.

*Acta Victoriana*. This is a very welcome paper. It is perhaps the best magazine we have on the exchange list.

The *Varsity*, of Toronto, is the only weekly we receive. It is always interesting, and we are always glad to get it.

The Exchange Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: The *Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope; the *McMaster University Monthly*, Toronto; the *Toronto University Monthly*, Toronto; *Lux Columbinia*, New Westminster, B.C.; the *Librairie* from Paris, France.

H. D. B.

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### CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

---

A YOUNG Scotch farmer lived at some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set off for the station betimes, but he met one friend after another, with the result that he missed the train. Naturally he was very much upset, and bethought himself of the telegraph. This was the message he sent: "Don't marry till I come—Wm."

Tom (to Pat, who is painting a barn)—Hey, Pat, what are you painting so fast for?

Pat—Aw, I want to get through before moi paint gives out.

"What sweet sounds come from the water to-night!"

"Yes; the fish are probably running their scales."—Nashville *American*.

"They say that monkeys talk," he said.

"Do you believe it's true?"

She answered with a tired smile,

"Why, yes, of course, don't you?"



Butcher—Come, John, be lively; break the bones in Mr. Jones' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him.

John (briskly)—All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's legs.

Play a little ping-pong  
Have a little chat,  
Make a little chocolate fudge,  
Then go find your hat;  
Say you've had a jolly time  
As she waves her fan;  
Now, isn't that exciting sport  
To tempt a healthy man?

Teacher—With what part of the body does the bee buzz, Willie?

Willie—With its buzzum.

"I will go down the chimney first, if you don't mind," said the polite chimney sweep. "Oh, certainly, soot yourself," replied his equally courteous assistant.

Queen of Spain—Moi Gracia! The baby has the stomach-ache.

Court Chamberlain—Woo! Woo! Send for the Secretary of the Interior.

Nicholaus—"About how long can a goose stand on one leg?"

Teacher—"Try it and see."

The Parson (meeting Johnny, who is just returning from a bath)—Johnny, can you tell me where little boys who bathe on Sundays go to?

Johnny—Yes, sir, come along with me and I'll show you.

In our cistern little Willie  
Pushed his little sister Lilly,  
Father couldn't find his daughter,  
Now we sterilize our water.—*Ex.*

"Just look at that sign: 'Dental Parlors'; isn't it absurd to call a dental room a parlor?"

"It is probably the painter's mistake. He meant drawing-room!"

Jenks—When is your son coming home from college?

Jones—In about six months, I guess. He's been away six months, and writes that he's half-back now."

Willie, with a thirst for gore,  
Nailed the baby to the door.  
Mother said, in accents faint,  
"Willie, don't, you'll muss the paint!"—*Widow.*

Stranger—Do you know a man around here with one leg named Jones?

Smart Freshman—What's the other leg named?

Said Pat, when the time whistle blew,  
"It's twinty-two minutes to two.  
It should toot at two-thirty;  
Be jabbers! 'tis dirty,  
To toot it at two-two to two."

Teacher—Yes, Mary succeeded Edward the VII. Now can you tell me who came after Mary?

Junior—Her little lamb.

Exam. question—What is Algebra?

Freshman's answer—It's a striped animal found only in zoos and circuses.

#### ANOTHER CHINESE COMPLAINT.

The following letter has been received by the *Witness*, regarding the water rates, and speaks for itself:

The City want Chinese laundry pay three dollars for water metre Why this City want Chinese laundry pay that But the City say those Chinese used Great many water is put it that metre in laundry This not Chinese for is the City do it Before



the City no put it the water metre in laundry the Chinese not pay that watertax this City Think he will pay it Those Chinese had thirteen dollars lived it the City that money no interest it who Can to lend money so it what for the city to want Chinese pay three dollars each year for rent water metre for annual want pay that is unjust The City is seems compel Chinese it so.

325 Prince Arthur Street.

CHARLIE SING.

Same old class, in the same old school,  
 Same old lessons, same old rule,  
 Same old excuses, same old bluffs,  
 Same old formula, same old cuffs,  
 Same old cramming to get thro',  
 Same old "Exams"—nothing new.

Illustrative of "that troublesome Henglish haitch" an American traveler relates the following:

Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham—very delicious baked ham. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.

The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son. Say '*am*."

"I did say 'am," the lad protested in an injured tone.

"You said '*am*,'" cried the father fiercely. "'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not '*am*."

In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me and, with a deprecatory little laugh, explained:

"They both think they're sayin' 'am, sir."

#### AT LEAST NOT PROFANE.

A decided brunette, by name Pickens,  
 Was arrested for stealing some chickens.

When they asked her to swear,

She replied debonnaire:

"I only know 'deuce,' 'darn,' and 'dickens.'"

## *Skits.*

---



R. T.—Was that you that made that noise, Galbraith?

Galbraith—No, sir!

Mr. T.—Well, all right; I'll take your word for it; but don't do it again.

Shook (as he sights a goat)—“Hey there, kid!”

The great question at present is, Are we all crazy, and is this a lunatic asylum?

Oh, joy! Ainslie has returned to our bosom, and we once more see his smiling face on the flat.

Master—Give the definition of friend.

Boy—The other fellow, sir.

Waterous became quite a doctor when he was in the sick-room.

Who's captain of the thirds, Macpherson or Kemp?

What do you think of Birdie Crowe's “Merry Widow” hair cut?

We notice that Dutch Bollard has gone into short trousers again.

Mr. MacK. (in history period in V.A.)—Where did England get her tea from?

Gordon—Sir Thomas Lipton, sir.

Hertzburg (to master)—How many molecules in a drop of water?

Master—Now, boys, all together, What makes the grass grow green in Texas?

Chorus—Mineral water.



Bell and Smith I. will have to stop using such a menacing attitude towards one of the masters.

Crowe to Ross—Going to the children's dance, Ike?

Master—How is it these lights are out in here before 10 o'clock?

Boy—Sir, Davison had a headache and wanted to get to sleep.

Master—The idea of doing such a thing without consulting me.

Cameron—The canny Scotchman.

Master—The principles of Archimedes states.

Master (opening door at 11 o'clock)—Did I hear the sound of a flute in here?

Smith I.—Oh, Dingle.

Bell II.—Oh, pretty Sydney!

We wonder if Waterous got enough cake after the cross-country run.

Hastings I.—Yes, I met the leading lady down at the King Edward, and we had a champagne supper.

Hastings I.—The first team was a very good team, and I played on it.

Master (to Bell)—I am going to make an example of you this term.

Bell (afterwards)—The same old story.

Ikey Ross (in his sleep after riding Mr. Taylor's horse)—  
"Ho, varlets, bring hither my fiery steed!"

Mowat—B-r-r-r! Look out, I'm a tough guy!

Burk—Come on children, all off for the peanut gallery.

Rutter (to Bicknell)—Shall I invite her to the dance—she is only thirteen?

Kilmer (in his sleep)—Oh, that I were with thee, sweet, white-haired Queen!"

New Boy—Here comes Clinker.

Other Boy—You are mistaken; it is Burk; he hasn't shaved to-day.

Waterous—O, gee, I wish he would say that to me.

Christie was unable to bear up under the fearful persecution of Rutter. He was compelled to become a day-boy.

Paisley (coming into room 22 just after it has been papered)—Looks like a put up job to me.

Gordon (to Galbraith on Rugby field)—Are you coming out to-day, Jack?

Galbraith—Can't, I'm all *in*.

Bicknell (almost tearfully)—It will soon be time for me to put on a clean shirt.

Mordecai (on his return to College)—Oh, how glad I am to be back to all the loving faces I left behind me.

Cricket has become quite a popular game in upper study.

Dutch (at 7.45 a.m.)—Gee, where are my hair brushes?

Foster—You left them in the bell-boy's room on the day of the first team picture.

Davison II. (to boys in room)—I knew the Tigers would win. (Reggie lost 50c. on Saturday afternoon).

Wright I. (to Foster)—Before first team colors were granted—I guess I ought to get my colors as I am a good friend of Dutch's.



Wright—It was a great lacrosse team; the best players in Westminster, and I made the team quite easily.

Rundle—The reformed boy.

Bell II.—I used to use my wart for a collar button, but now I use it for a coat hanger.

Foster—I couldn't love her so. She was my next door neighbor.

Who likes turkey?

New Boy (to McKinley)—Did you make the Stanley Cup team?

McKinley—Sorry to say, I was only spare.

Eric to Mordecai—I will chastise you until you are blue in the face.

Mordecai—If I thought you meant that I would make you apologize. Eh!

Matheson (to Davison I.)—Pooh, poohy on you.

Davison—Thanks, Mat, I have washed.

The fair waves flew, the curls they grew,  
The hair was singed behind—  
The first hair cut that Pedley got  
Since eighteen ninety-nine.

Lady. (on seeing Paisley wearing a first team cap)—How is it that Paisley's hair is bleached around the edges?"

Dutch (finding a snake in his bed)—I wonder if it is a garter.

Gordon—Get wise to my Broadway hair cut.

Bowman II. (raving)—Oh! sweet Veranut Callin, any old time at all.

Master—Now, in reference to a floating body; take a beer bottle—

Chorus—Take it away; nothing like that in our family.

Master (to McLennan)—What is an angle?

McLennan—An angle is a three-cornered square.

Mordecai (after having eaten everything in sight)—Say, fellows, I think I will tear into a geography and eat the Sandwich Islands.

Cameron I. (to Mr. M.)—Are you on duty, sir?

Mr. M.—No, but I will make it my business to be.

Mr. S. (to boys)—Get to your kennels.

Master (to Wilson I.)—Did you speak, Wilson?

Wilson—No, sir; it was the draught blowing my ears around my head.

Mr. S. (to boys)—Do you wish to go to the bath-room? If so, follow me.

Rundell—Put up your dukes; hit yer a poke in de face.

Thomson III. (asleep)—No, thanks; I don't care for fruit.

Room 29—House of Refuge.

Why was Room 27 out of bounds?

Hastings I. (going into room after lights)—Give me a match to seal a letter.

Paisley (in grammar class, giving principal parts of "bring")—Bring, brang, brung.

Gooderham I. was very much excited about the "skits." He even went so far as to offer his room-mates a treat at the theatre if they would tell him what had been handed in about him.



Mr. S. (in chemistry class)—Let  $x$  represent what it isn't.

The quality of mercy is not strained—nor is the College milk

Kilmer (meeting Acton in the corridor)—“Oh! What a likeness, and yet such difference!

Boy (to master)—Sir, do you know what you look like?

Master (after some hesitation)—No.

Boy—A cheese wafer.

A friend of everyone,  
But better still, herself.—Mordecai.

“But still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew.”—Lunan.

“Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth and the beauty thereof.”

—Davison I.

“His stride betokens a learned man.”—Kilmer.

“I'm not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me.”—Shook.

“Thy hair is wonderfully and fearfully arranged.”—Dingle.

“Built like a mosquito, long and thin.”—Lightburne.

“Well, yes, a queer chap, I'll admit;  
But my, how he could fiddle!”—Evans.

McKinley—All good boys love their sisters,  
But I so good have grown,  
That I love other boys' sisters  
Far better than my own.

“His chin is but enriched with but one appearing hair.”  
—Wilson III.

"One vast substantial smile."—Higginbotham.

Mr. J.—Hanna, aren't you playing Rugby? What are you doing then?

Hanna (confusedly)—Sir, I am on the lunch list.

Hastings I., the sentimentalist.

Mr. J. (to Whitney, half an hour after June cross country run)—Whitney, you ran well.

Whit.—Please, sir, what was my time?

Mr. J.—About 19 1-2 min. You beat your uncle.

Whit.—Please, sir, isn't uncle in yet.

Rolph III. (in class)—"Sir, my little finger looks bow-legged."

Thomson II.—Would he were fatter.

Wright V.A.—Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!

Matheson—For ladies' love unfit.

Paisley—This fellow is wise enough to play the fool.

#### SOME OF ST. ANDREW'S CELEBRITIES.

Phenomena—Doolittle.

The Man who knows—Wright.

The Dancing Master (He dances while he talks)—Isaacs.

The Football Player—Oliver.

The Financier—Crowe.

The Leader of the Chosen—Dingle.

The Flirt—Matheson.

The Masher—Waterous.

The Prince of Pygmies—Whitney.

The Hard Nut—Gooderham I.

First Boy—How do you know?

Second Boy—The nurse told me.

Eric Abendana (at U.C.C. game)—Aw, poke him one, Eh?



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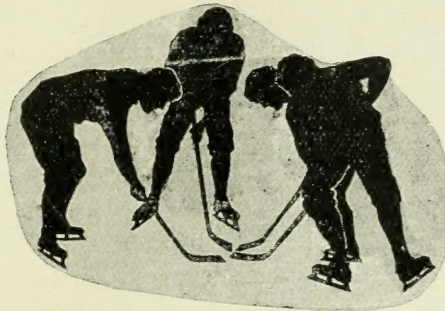
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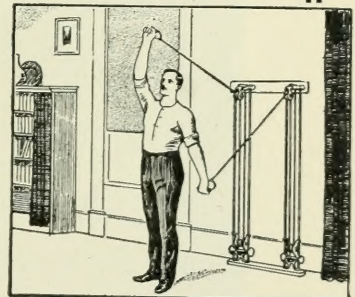
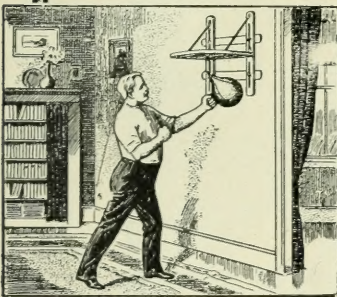
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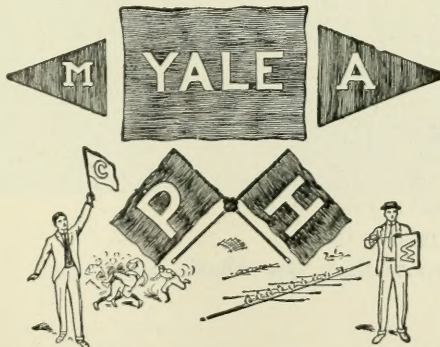
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Isaacs (to Mr. Macdonald)—You can't help seeing me, sir.  
Mr. Macdonald—Yes, Isaacs, unfortunately such is the case.

Waterous (at the first of the season)—Oh, gee, I don't need to turn out, I have my colors.

Waterous (to new color before U.C.C. games)—Wait until you have played on the team as long as I have, and you won't feel nervous.

Mordecai—If anyone did a thing like that to me I would beat his block off.

Some of the new boys have terrible appetites. A few of them were not satisfied until they had devoured half a cake of soap.

We see that Mordecai has returned and brought most of the Jamaican population with him.

What a beautiful voice Paisley has!

India-rubber-nose Evans—We don't do that at all in China.

Doug. Wright—When I'm on the First.

Heard in V.A.—Speak up, Portia.

Shylock Ross I. (at dinner)—Give me a pound of flesh.

A certain top flat master seems to have a terrible dislike for frogs.

Doug. Wright—I guess I'll come back next year and coach the firsts.

Congratulations, Ike!

Master—What's your name?

Boy—I'm Lemon, sir.

Master—I know that, but what's your name.



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The Government of Jamaica ought to pick out the people they want and send the rest up to S.A.C.

Ross I. (in literature period)—Please, sir, may I take the part of "Shylock"?

Gooderham I. (to Mr. Chapman)—Sir, how can I take my chest expansion down?

Ike Ross—Now, when I'm a prefect —

What's the matter with Christie Clark's hair?

Mrs. Williams (to Paisley)—Do you like ginger?

New Boy—Say, boys, that master must be terribly popular. Look at the bunch that go up to see him at 2.45 every day!"

Master (to Mordecai)—What's your name?

Mordecai—Well, sir, my father calls me Ainslee, but you can call me anything you like!

Boy to Bollard—Why don't you use a safety razor, Dutch?

Spokane—Now, that's entirely beyond verbal delineation.

Bicknell (after Rugby match)—Will you gimme a wub down?

Spoke (across Tuck, to Shook)—Hi! Yer mischerfous moke. Shook—I'll roun' up on you, youse fas' fop—

Hume to Hewitt—Don't be peevish, here's your nickel.

WANTED—

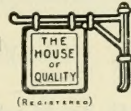
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Gooderham I. had his hand badly lacerated by a pin, but is convalescent now.

McPherson I. (in his dreams)—"Oh, that thou wert here, darling Annie!

Why does Daddy Burk side with Ross about London now?

"There was she waiting at the gate,  
So no wonder the Dutchman flew."

Question—What got the hardest use in the Rugby season  
Herbie Allan's hat.

Matheson (after lights)—By gee! when you ride seventy  
miles a day —

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Heard in the lower school—

"I say, old chap, what's up?"

"I canna tell ye."

"Aw, shut your faces!"

Fits are coming into vogue again on the lower flat.

Heard (as Dutch Bollard finishes in the cross-country)—  
"Beat it, Dorando!"

Frith I. (five minutes after receiving his cross-country cake)  
—I never did like cake, anyway!

New Boy (on first sight of Hastings' "Merry Widow" hair-  
cut)—I'd hate to walk across that in my bare feet!

Mr. R-b-s-n (in V.A.)—When I say pencil, I mean pens.



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Bicknell—I told her I was going to kiss her. Gee, she got scared!

Raymond I. (on being introduced to Mr. Harris)—Are you a day boy or a boarder?

First Boy—Lend me a *suit case*.

Second Boy—You can have mine.

First Boy—Your's won't *suit* me.

Second Boy—In that *case* you'd better not take it.

“Hi, you dere kid!!”

Spokane (receiving a letter)—H'm, a letter from my Spokane wife!

Shook (walking under railway bridge)—Duck, fellers, duck.

Dad Burke (at dinner, banging his fist wildly on the table)—Third! Third! Third!

Waterous (after devouring three cross-country cakes)—I wish my mouth was bigger.

Ainslee's latest—“What is it. Eh?”

Dingle Bell (after throwing a boot through the transom)—Oh, boys, look, someone broke our transom!

Cecil Bowman (gazing proudly into the mirror with his first team sweater on)—Now, if every one was as good-looking as I am —!

Dingle (with his first team sweater on, to group of admirers)—Now, when I c-c-come into s-s-study, a-all you f-f-fellers c-e-clap! See?

Mr. Findlay—When a boy's voice is changing it sounds exactly like Isaacs playing(?) his flute.



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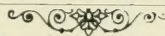
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**Toronto, Can.**

Chorus (as Levack enters Room 24)—“ Good-bye!”

Matheson (looking pensively at Jerry Nelson's cow)—

Had I my trusty cayuse by  
I'd don my spurs,  
Grip tight my quirt,  
After yon pesky beast I'd spurt.

Which is it?      **B**<sup>est</sup><sub>ritish</sub><sub>riar</sub>      **B**<sup>ig</sup><sub>en</sub><sub>owman</sub>      **B**<sup>enjie's</sup><sub>ed</sub><sub>ugs</sub>

Mr. Magee's Taylor is very Savage.

Davison II. (to Wright)—It's a shame there was so much favoritism on the first team, isn't it, Doug?

Both together—I could have made it—if?

Mr. M— (to boys)—Don't stand in the halls. It makes a noise.

Crawford (to Webber)—Say, Dicky, hand us down a cloud, will you please?

C. BOWMAN.

There is a boy whom everyone knows,  
His name is Cecil Bowman,  
And every time down town he goes  
He's other fellows' clothes on.

My hat is gone, Cecil has it on,  
My coat is on his back,  
The shirt I lent to him last week  
Is in his laundry sack.

My boots I've lent, my ties have went  
In that increasing flow.  
Down town he goes in my best clothes;  
Some day, perhaps, he'll them outgrow.



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**HEAD OFFICE, - - - - TORONTO, CANADA**

Chuck stood upon the football field,  
The buck was coming fast.  
Chuck stepped aside, to save his hide,  
And let the buck go past.

Hastings I.—That's nothing. Why, out on the survey—.

Old Boy—Who told you that?

New Boy—Hastings.

Old Boy—Oh!

If a train leaves Toronto at 3.45 on Monday, and travels all night, arriving at Hamilton three hours before it started, how many pickled peppers did Peter Piper pick?

Answers should be handed in to Matheson.





